



AFRICAN GAME TRAILS

BY
THEODORE
ROOSEVELT

AFRICAN
GAME
TRAILS

THEODORE
ROOSEVELT

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AFRICAN GAME TRAILS

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write about my
forthcoming
African hunting
trip—
Theodore Roosevelt

The only authentic account of
MR. ROOSEVELT'S African Trip is
written by himself and published
by Charles Scribner's Sons.

AFRICAN GAME TRAILS

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AFRICAN WANDERINGS OF AN
AMERICAN HUNTER-NATURALIST

By

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

*With about two hundred illustrations from photographs by Kermit Roosevelt and other members
of the expedition; and from drawings by Philip R. Goodwin*

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THIS superb, large octavo volume is the most notable book of the year—and will become a classic among books of adventure. It will appear all over the world, not only in English, but in French, German, and other languages. Inquiries have been received about it from Japan and Brazil. It is *a great book by the most distinguished figure in the world to-day*. It shows the author not only as a mighty hunter, but as a profound student of natural history, a close observer of both plant and animal life, and a master of graphic and picturesque narrative.

The chapters have been thoroughly revised by the author since their serial publication. Several of them are entirely new. A series of original drawings after Mr. Roosevelt's suggestions has been made especially for the volume, and the photographs have been chosen by him as best fitted for the illumination of the text.

With his usual thoroughness he has added appendices from the naturalists' note-books, and in general this volume in its permanent shape is the most important contribution to the literature of hunting, adventure, and scientific nature-study in Africa that has been produced.

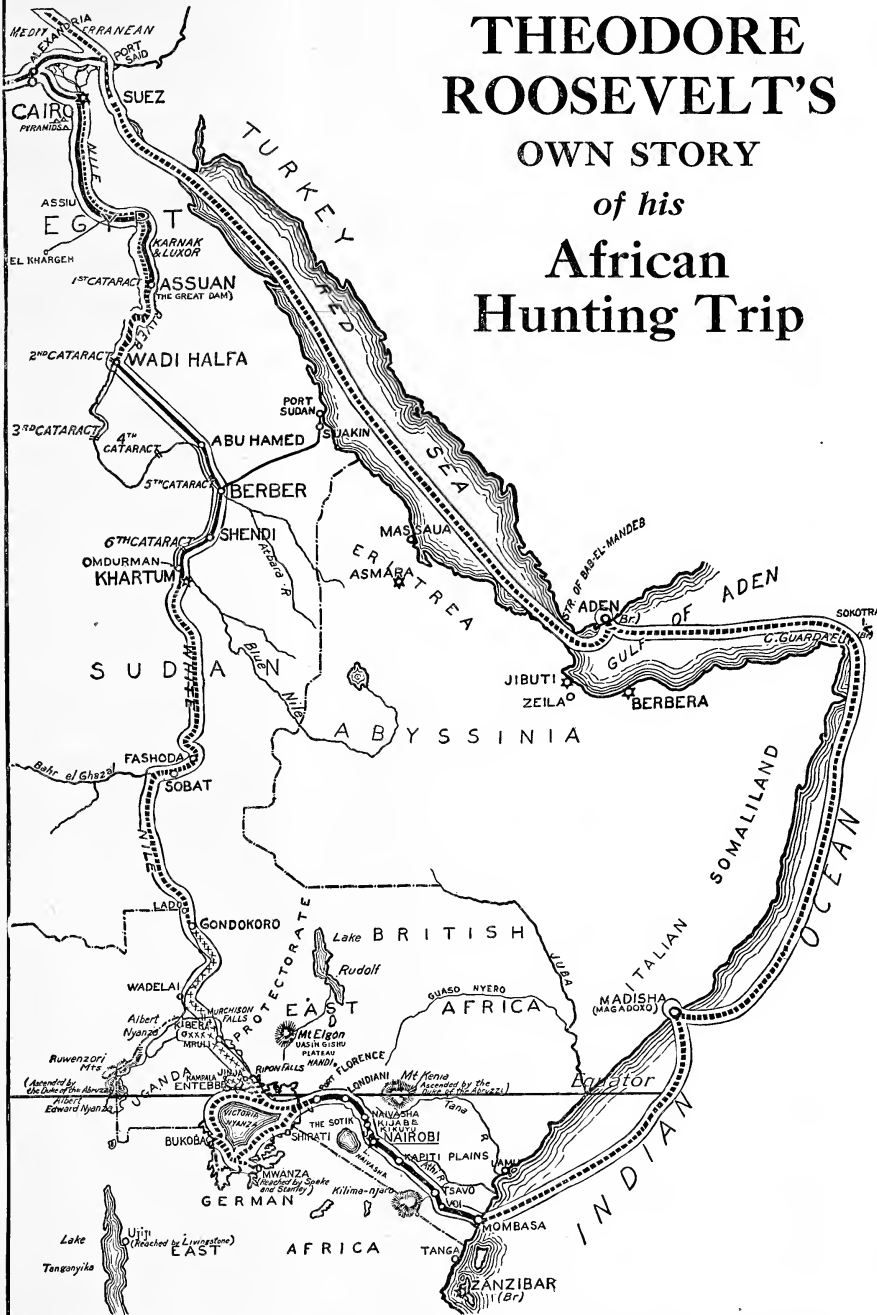
Planning the Expedition

MR. ROOSEVELT had in mind this great expedition for several years before its public announcement. With his accustomed foresight, as it began to take shape as a probability, he consulted all the leading authorities, not only through their books, but by personal interviews. Eminent African hunters, such as F. C. Selous and Sir Harry Johnston, were invited to the White House and gave him the benefit of their wide experience. Definite arrangements were made, for assembling the outfit, with men who had achieved a reputation in the management of African expeditions. Guns, camp equipment, and supplies were collected in this country and in London and the members of the safari were engaged in British East Africa. Nothing was overlooked that might add to the success of the trip.

Scope of the Journey

MR. ROOSEVELT and his son Kermit, who was the official photographer of the expedition, left New York on March 23d, 1909, and reached Cairo one year later. During that time they had

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S OWN STORY *of his* African Hunting Trip



ROUTE OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S AFRICAN JOURNEY

traversed Africa from Mombasa on the Indian Ocean to the Nyanza Lakes, and from Albert Nyanza down the White Nile, and the Nile to Khartoum and to Cairo. They secured superb specimens of all the big game of Africa, including the very rare giant rhino of the Lado, and hundreds of small mammals—all of which will in time be open to the inspection of the nation at the Smithsonian Institution.

The Scientific Purpose of the Expedition

MR. ROOSEVELT'S object was not that of a mere sportsman to accumulate personal souvenirs of his hunting skill. He planned a serious scientific expedition to collect for the Smithsonian Institution at Washington as complete a representation as possible of the large and small game of Africa. Skilled naturalists were engaged to accompany the expedition and every arrangement made for the preservation and shipment of the trophies of the hunt. The extraordinary expenses of the scientific side of the expedition were met, not out of Government funds, but by private subscriptions from several public-spirited men who appreciated the value of such a collection to the National Museum. Mr. Roosevelt's personal fitness to lead in this enterprise is known to all men interested in natural history. He was a close student of the subject while in college, and his many books of outdoor life have shown his remarkable knowledge and accurate observations, accumulated even through the busiest years of his public life.

At the very end of his expedition, summarizing the fruits of his endeavor, Mr. Roosevelt explains his attitude both as a sportsman and as a naturalist as follows:

“Kermit and I kept about a dozen trophies for ourselves; otherwise we shot nothing that was not used either as a Museum specimen or for meat—usually for both purposes. We were in hunting-grounds practically as good as any that have ever existed; but we did not kill a tenth nor a hundredth part of what we might have killed had we been willing. The mere size of the bag indicates little as to a man’s prowess as a hunter, and almost nothing as to the interest or value of his achievement.”

Written by His Own Hand

THE chapters which make up this volume were written on the spot while every experience was fresh in the author’s mind. He was provided with a water-proof and dust-proof writing case, which contained pads of paper, carbons for producing the manuscript in triplicate, and indelible pencils and canvas envelopes. The narrative was written by his own hand amid the very scenes he described, sitting in his tent or resting at mid-day while “Trekking Through the Thirst.” The manuscript itself, a complete page of which is here reproduced, is probably one of the most interesting in existence. When he arrived at Khartoum on March 14, he had written the last paragraph, including the appendices.

The head of the water-gang station service in Uganda, 25
Captain Hutchinson ^{W. R.} met us, having most-kindly
decided to take charge of our flotilla himself. Captain
Hutchinson had met with one most extraordinary specimen
of elephant-hunting - in Uganda the number of hunters
who have been killed or injured by elephants and buffaloes
is large. He wounded a big bull in the head, and followed
it for three days. He wound was serious and on the
fourth day he overtook the elephant. It charged at once
at it - saw him. He hit it twice in the head as it came on,
but neither stopped nor turned it; his second shot, a
double 8 bore, failed to act; and the elephant seized
him in his trunk. It brandished him to and fro in the
air, several times, and then planting him on the ground
kicked and stabbed at him with its tusks. ^{Gripping} ~~Braking~~

of its fore legs he pulled himself between them in time to
avoid the blow; and as it rose he managed to seize a
hind leg and cling to it. But the ~~elephant~~ ^{trooper} reached round and
plucked him off with its trunk, and once more brand-
ed him high in the air, swirling him violently about. He
fainted from pain and dizziness. When he came to he
was lying on the ground; one of his attendants had
killed the elephant with a spear, whereupon he arrived
had dropped the white man, vainly tried to catch the
new assailant, ^{and then} had ^{gone} off some three miles and died.
Hutchinson was frightfully bruised and lamed,
and it was six months before he recovered.

Theodore Roosevelt



Kermit Roosevelt and R. J. Cuninghame preparing
to take pictures

The Authentic Illustrations

THE illustrations accompanying this volume are Mr. Roosevelt's personal selection. Kermit proved a skilful and most persistent photographer, having secured some hundreds of negatives, including the finest photographs of wild elephants and giant rhinos ever taken. He was most systematic in the classification of his work, furnishing careful lists with each shipment. All of the photographs were developed in the field and in most cases prints were taken. These were classified by Mr. Roosevelt and the titles written in his own hand on the back of them with designation of the article to which each picture belonged. No detail was too small for him to look after. On one of the journeys when he

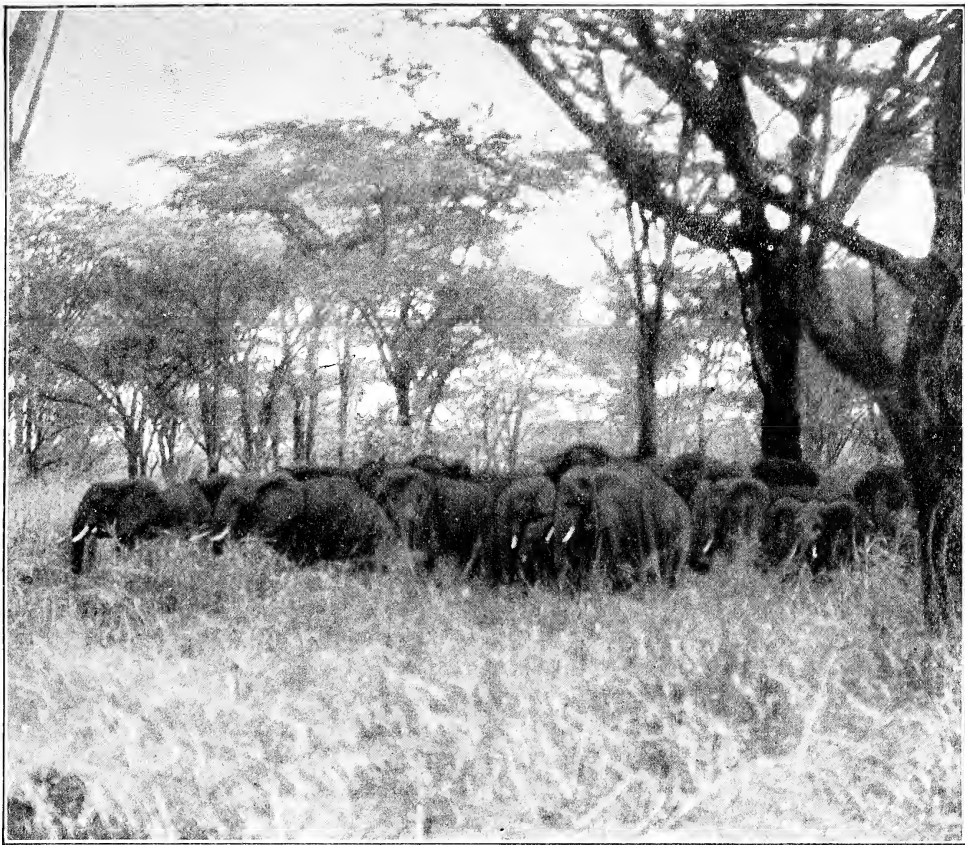
51. Some wild Boars we met travelling down to Lant. with horses & camels.
52. Helping a country across a stream.
53. Oxen shot by self.
54. Buffalo shot by self.
55. Boar Camp.
56. Buffalo Leaps.
57. Same.
58. Jackson & Livi shot by self.
59. Self & Buffalo.
60. The donkeys.
61. The Hakkas push their young feet into for shelter from the cold.
62. The Camp under the tall Americanos; first seen & then bathed.

left the rest of the expedition he himself took the photographs. The hundreds of photographs taken by Messrs. Loring and Heller, the naturalists of the expedition, were also drawn upon by Mr. Roosevelt for the illustration of his book. In each case the photographer is designated in the volume. The subjects for the original drawings in this book were selected and directed by Mr. Roosevelt, while the pictures have had the advantage of his personal suggestion and criticism and final approval.

X
*My boma when
I was camped
alone
T. R.*



Photograph and inscription by Theodore Roosevelt



Copyright, 1910, by Kermit Roosevelt

1 IX K. R.
 a herd of elephant in an
 open forest of high timbers;
 taken by Kermit from ~~the~~ a distance
 of about 25 yards; he was on
 the dead limb of a tree some
~~about~~ 5 or 6 feet from the
 ground.

[This, and the next two pictures,
 2 & 3, are the best pictures of
wild elephant ever taken; they
 should be copyrighted, & put both in the
 Magazine & the book]



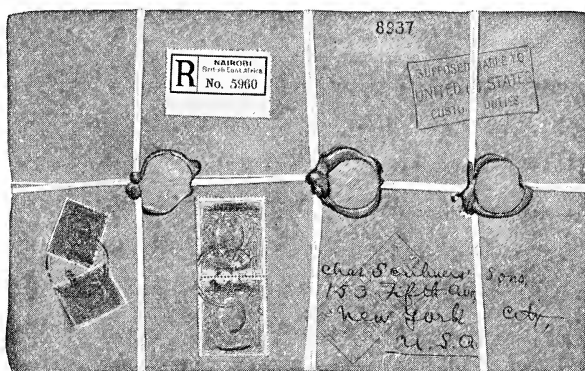
Mr. Roosevelt photographing the speared lion

The Book a Classic of Outdoor Life

MR. ROOSEVELT, writing from Cairo, at the end of his journey, to his publishers, said: "I regard this book as a serious thing. I have put my very best into it and I cannot consent to have it appear in any but first-class form."

It has been written at the maturity of his skill and experience as an author—his twenty-fourth complete volume. The very fact that after many years of dictating his public papers and books he has returned, in this volume, to writing with his own hand has given the style a personal quality which will be hard to find in any previous volume of his, fine as they are in expressing the man.

The descriptions of the African landscape, the great African plains in comparison with the bad lands of Wyoming, the solitary rides which he took across the veldt and his wise observations on the animal life, his description of the tropic storms, the pen pictures of the native tribes, the life of the pioneers, the many visits to Mission stations, and the thrill and adventure embodied in his account of tracking with enthusiasm and persistency the greatest game in the world—the elephant, lion, rhino, hippo, buffalo, the giant eland, and the many varieties of antelope—all these make this the greatest book of adventure, of hunting experiences and scientific observation of nature combined, that has been written about Africa. Besides all this the author is the most commanding figure of the present day and the typical American man of action.



A package of photographs from Kermit

African Game Trails;
an account of the
African Wanderings
of an
American Hunter Naturalist-

by
Theodore Roosevelt

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AN ACCOUNT OF THE
AFRICAN WANDERINGS
OF AN
AMERICAN HUNTER-NATURALIST

BY
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT AND OTHER MEMBERS
OF THE EXPEDITION, AND FROM DRAWINGS BY PHILIP R. GOODWIN

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1910

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TO
KERMIT ROOSEVELT

MY SIDE-PARTNER
IN OUR
“GREAT ADVENTURE”

FOREWORD

“I SPEAK of Africa and golden joys”; the joy of wandering through lonely lands; the joy of hunting the mighty and terrible lords of the wilderness, the cunning, the wary, and the grim.

In these greatest of the world's great hunting-grounds there are mountain peaks whose snows are dazzling under the equatorial sun; swamps where the slime oozes and bubbles and festers in the steaming heat; lakes like seas; skies that burn above deserts where the iron desolation is shrouded from view by the wavering mockery of the mirage; vast grassy plains where palms and thorn trees fringe the dwindling streams, mighty rivers rushing out of the heart of the continent through the sadness of endless marshes; forests of gorgeous beauty, where death broods in the dark and silent depths.

There are regions as healthy as the northland; and other regions, radiant with bright-hued flowers, birds and butterflies, odorous with sweet and heavy scents, but, treacherous in their beauty, and sinister to human life. On the land and in the water there are dread brutes that feed on the flesh of man; and among the lower things, that crawl, and fly, and sting, and bite, he finds swarming foes far more evil and deadly than any beast or reptile; foes that kill his crops and his cattle, foes before which he himself perishes in his hundreds of thousands.

The dark-skinned races that live in the land vary widely. Some are warlike, cattle-owning nomads; some till the soil and live in thatched huts shaped like beehives; some are

fisherfolk; some are ape-like naked savages, who dwell in the woods and prey on creatures not much wilder or lower than themselves.

The land teems with beasts of the chase, infinite in number and incredible in variety. It holds the fiercest beasts of ravin, and the fleetest and most timid of those things that live in undying fear of talon and fang. It holds the largest and the smallest of hoofed animals. It holds the mightiest creatures that tread the earth or swim in its rivers; it also holds distant kinsfolk of these same creatures, no bigger than woodchucks, which dwell in crannies of the rocks, and in the treetops. There are antelope smaller than hares, and antelope larger than oxen. There are creatures which are the embodiments of grace; and others whose huge ungainliness is like that of a shape in a nightmare. The plains are alive with droves of strange and beautiful animals whose like is not known elsewhere; and with others even stranger that show both in form and temper something of the fantastic and the grotesque. It is a never-ending pleasure to gaze at the great herds of buck as they move to and fro in their myriads; as they stand for their noontide rest in the quivering heat haze; as the long files come down to drink at the watering-places; as they feed and fight and rest and make love.

The hunter who wanders through these lands sees sights which ever afterward remain fixed in his mind. He sees the monstrous river-horse snorting and plunging beside the boat; the giraffe looking over the treetops at the nearing horseman; the ostrich fleeing at a speed that none may rival; the snarling leopard and coiled python, with their lethal beauty; the zebras, barking in the moonlight, as the laden caravan passes on its night march through a thirsty

land. To his mind come memories of the lion's charge; of the gray bulk of the elephant, close at hand in the sombre woodland; of the buffalo, his sullen eyes lowering from under his helmet of horn; of the rhinoceros, truculent and stupid, standing in the bright sunlight on the empty plain.

These things can be told. But there are no words that can tell the hidden spirit of the wilderness, that can reveal its mystery, its melancholy, and its charm. There is delight in the hardy life of the open, in long rides rifle in hand, in the thrill of the fight with dangerous game. Apart from this, yet mingled with it, is the strong attraction of the silent places, of the large tropic moons, and the splendor of the new stars; where the wanderer sees the awful glory of sunrise and sunset in the wide waste spaces of the earth, unworn of man, and changed only by the slow changes of the ages from time everlasting.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

KHARTOUM, *March* 15, 1910.

He loved the big game as if he were their father.

—*Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.*

Tell me the course, the voyage, the ports and the new stars.

—*Bliss Carman.*

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About 200 from Photographs by

Kermit Roosevelt

Edmund Heller

J. Alden Loring

and

Theodore Roosevelt

Eight original drawings from the
author's descriptions by Philip R.
Goodwin.

Maps and fac-similes.



Mr. Roosevelt in Africa in his hunting costume

From a photograph by Edmund Heller

AFRICAN GAME TRAILS

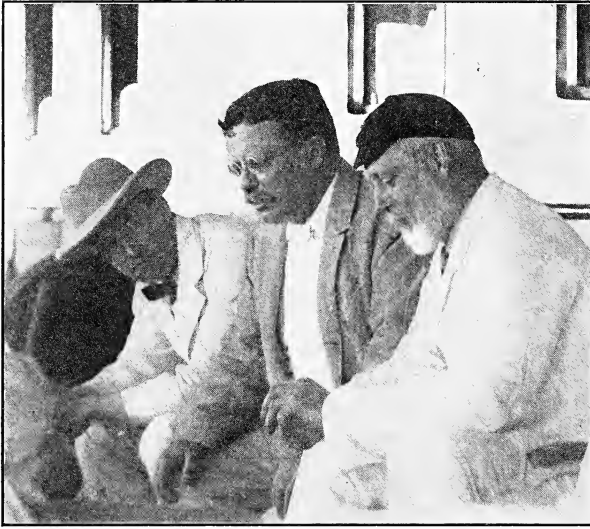
CHAPTER I

A RAILROAD THROUGH THE PLEISTOCENE

THE great world movement which began with the voyages of Columbus and Vasco da Gama, and has gone on with ever-increasing rapidity and complexity until our own time, has developed along a myriad lines of interest. In no way has it been more interesting than in the way in which it has resulted in bringing into sudden, violent, and intimate contact phases of the world's life history which would be normally separated by untold centuries of slow development. Again and again, in the continents new to peoples of European stock, we have seen the spectacle of a high civilization all at once thrust into and superimposed upon a wilderness of savage men and savage beasts. Nowhere, and at no time, has the contrast been more strange and more striking than in British East Africa during the last dozen years.

The country lies directly under the equator; and the hinterland, due west, contains the huge Nyanza lakes, vast inland seas which gather the head-waters of the White Nile. This hinterland, with its lakes and its marshes, its snow-capped mountains, its high, dry plateaus, and its forests of deadly luxuriousness, was utterly unknown to white men half a century ago. The map of Ptolemy in the second century of our era gave a more accurate view of the lakes, mountains, and head-waters of the Nile than the maps published at the beginning of the second half of the nineteenth century, just before Speke, Grant, and Baker made their great trips of exploration and adventure. Behind these explorers came others; and then adventurous

missionaries, traders, and elephant hunters; and many men, whom risk did not daunt, who feared neither danger nor hardship, traversed the country hither and thither, now for one reason, now for another, now as naturalists, now as



We would gather on deck around Selous to listen to tales of strange adventures

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt

geographers, and again as government officials or as mere wanderers who loved the wild and strange life which had survived over from an elder age.

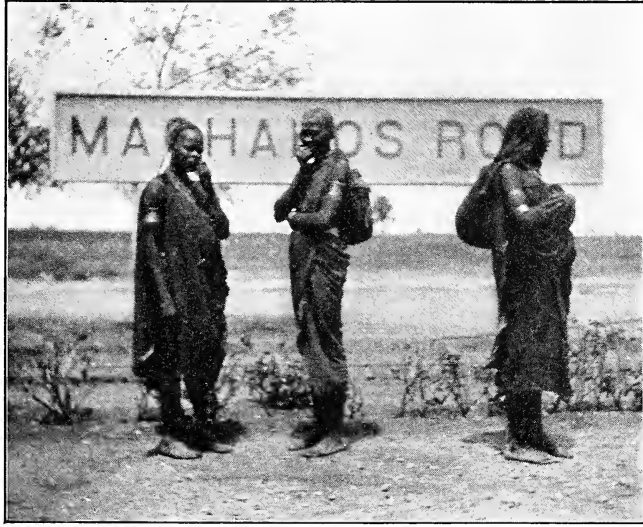
Most of the tribes were of pure savages; but here and there were intrusive races of higher type; and in Uganda, be-

yond the Victoria Nyanza, and on the head-waters of the Nile proper, lived a people which had advanced to the upper stages of barbarism, which might almost be said to have developed a very primitive kind of semi-civilization. Over this people—for its good fortune—Great Britain established a protectorate; and ultimately, in order to get easy access to this new outpost of civilization in the heart of the Dark Continent, the British Government built a railroad from the old Arab coast town of Mombasa westward to Victoria Nyanza.

This railroad, the embodiment of the eager, masterful, materialistic civilization of to-day, was pushed through a region in which nature, both as regards wild man and wild beast, did not and does not differ materially from what it was in Europe in the late Pleistocene. The com-

parison is not fanciful. The teeming multitudes of wild creatures, the stupendous size of some of them, the terrible nature of others, and the low culture of many of the savage tribes, especially of the hunting tribes, substantially reproduced the conditions of life in Europe as it was led by our ancestors ages before the dawn of anything that could be called civilization. The great beasts that now live in East Africa were in that bygone age represented by close kinsfolk in Europe; and in many places, up to the present moment, African man, absolutely naked, and armed as our early paleolithic ancestors were armed, lives among, and on, and in constant dread of, these beasts, just as was true of the men to whom the cave lion was a nightmare of terror, and the mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros possible but most formidable prey.

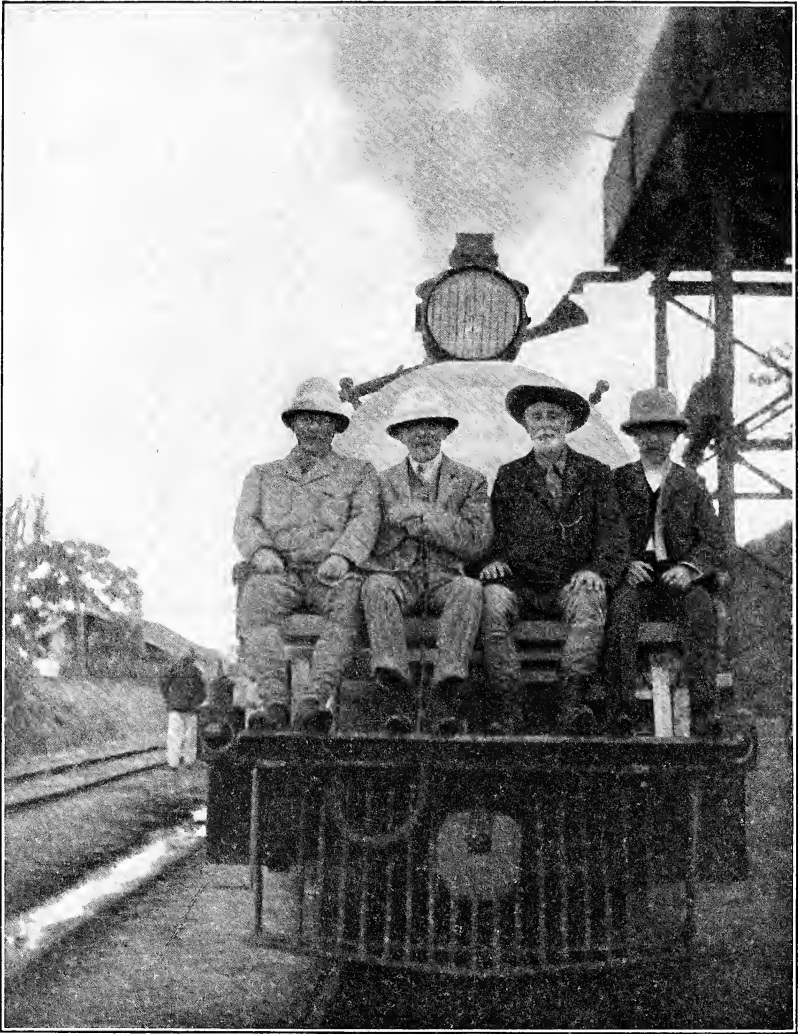
This region, this great fragment of the long-buried past of our race, is now accessible by railroad to all who care to go thither; and no field more inviting offers itself to hunter or naturalist, while even to the ordinary traveller it teems with interest.



Natives at a railway station

From a photograph by J. Alden Loring

On March 23, 1909, I sailed thither from New York, in charge of a scientific expedition sent out by the Smithsonian, to collect birds, mammals, reptiles, and plants, but especially specimens of big game, for the National Museum at Washington. In



Mr. Roosevelt, Governor Jackson, Mr. Selous, and Dr. Mearns, riding
in front of the engine on the way to Kapiti

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt

already, for they might have walked out of the pages of Kipling. But I was not as well prepared for the corresponding and equally interesting types among the Germans, the planters, the civil officials, the officers who had commanded, or were about to command, white or native troops; men of evident power and energy, seeing whom made it easy to understand why German East Africa has thriven apace. They

These rides through the wild, lovely country, with only my silent black followers, had a peculiar charm. When the sky was overcast it was cool and pleasant, for it is a high country; as soon as the sun appeared the vertical tropic rays made the air quiver above the scorched land. As we passed down a hill-side we brushed through aromatic shrubs and the hot, pleasant fragrance enveloped us. When we came to a nearly dry watercourse, there would be beds of rushes, beautiful lilies and lush green plants with staring flowers; and great fig-trees, or flat-topped mimosas. In many of these trees there were sure to be native beehives; these were sections of hollow logs hung from the branches; they formed striking and characteristic features of the landscape. Wherever there was any moisture there were flowers, brilliant of hue and many of them sweet of smell; and birds of numerous kinds abounded. When we left the



The¹ start for the first day's lion hunting

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt

We were about a hundred and fifty yards from the lion, Sir Alfred, Kermit, Medlicott, and Miss Pease off to one side, and slightly above him on the slope, while I was on the level, nearly equidistant from him and them. Kermit and I tried shooting from the horses; but at such a distance this was not effective. Then Kermit got off, but his horse would not let him shoot; and when I got off I could not make out the animal through the grass with sufficient distinctness to enable me to take aim. Old Ben, the dog, had arrived and, barking loudly, was strolling about near the lion; which paid him not the slightest attention. At this moment my black sais, Simba, came running up to me and took hold of the bridle; he had seen the chase from the line of march and had cut across to join me. There was no other sais or gun-bearer anywhere near, and his action was plucky, for he was the only man afoot, with the lion at

bay. Lady Pease had also ridden up and was an interested spectator only some fifty yards behind me.

Now, an elderly man with a varied past which includes rheumatism does not vault lightly into the saddle; as his sons, for instance, can; and I had already made up my mind that in the event of the lion's charging it would be wise for me to trust to straight powder rather than to try to scramble into the saddle and get under way in time. The arrival of my two companions settled



One of the native beaters and gun-bearers

From a photograph by Edmund Heller



Mr. Roosevelt, Kermit Roosevelt, and Sir Alfred Pease at the carcass of first big lion

When we killed the last lions we were already on safari, and the camp was pitched by a water hole on the Potha, a half-dried stream, little more than a string of pools and reed beds, winding down through the sun-scorched plain. Next morning we started for another water hole at the rocky hill of Bondoni, about eight miles distant.



The American flag was always at the head or near the head of the line of march

The caravan on Safari at Potha

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt

Safari life is very pleasant, and also very picturesque. The porters are strong, patient, good-humored savages, with something childlike about them that makes one really fond of them. Of course, like all savages and most children, they have their limitations, and in dealing with them firmness is even more necessary than kindness; but the man is a poor creature who does not treat them with kindness also,



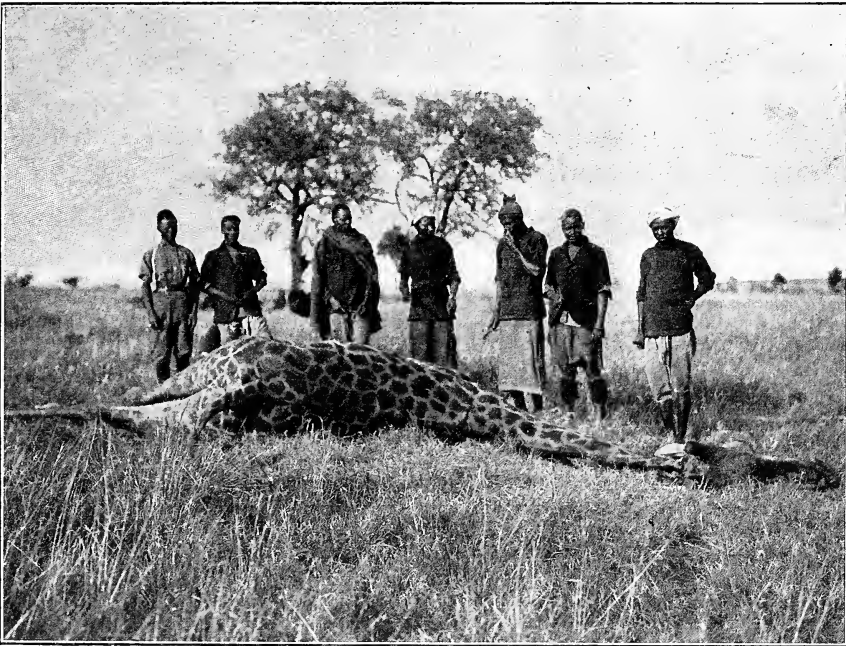
The rhino head

From a photograph by Edmund Heller

The huge beast was standing in entirely open country, although there were a few scattered trees of no great size at some little distance from him. We left our horses in a dip of the ground and began the approach; I cannot say that we stalked him, for the approach was too easy. The wind blew from him to us, and a rhino's eyesight is dull. Thirty yards from where he stood was a bush four or five feet high, and though it was so thin that we could distinctly see him through the leaves, it shielded us from the vision of his small piglike eyes as we advanced toward it, stooping and in single file, I leading. The big beast stood like an uncouth statue, his hide black in the sunlight; he seemed, what he was, a monster surviving over from the world's past, from the days when the beasts of the prime ran riot in their strength, before man grew so cunning of brain and hand as to master them. So little did he dream of our presence that when we were a hundred yards off he actually lay down.

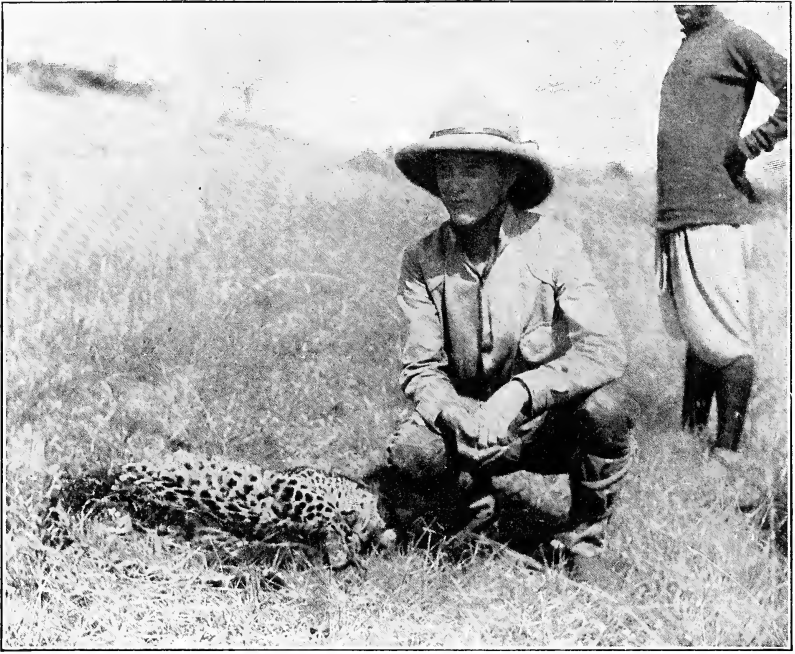
Walking lightly, and with every sense keyed up, we at last reached the bush, and I pushed forward the safety of

As soon as I reached the hill-crest I saw the giraffes ahead of me, not as far off as I had feared, and I raced toward them without regard to rotten ground and wart-hog holes. The wounded one lagged behind, but when I got near he put on a spurt, and as I thought I was close enough I leaped off, throwing the reins over the sorrel's head, and opened fire. Down went the big bull, and I thought my task was done. But as I went back to mount the sorrel he struggled to his feet again and disappeared after his companions among the trees, which were thicker here, as we had reached the bottom of the valley. So I tore after him again, and in a minute came to a dry watercourse. Scrambling into and out of this I saw the giraffes ahead of me just beginning the ascent of the opposite slope; and touching the horse with the spur we flew after the wounded bull. This time I made up my mind I would get up close enough; but Tranquillity did not quite like the look of the thing ahead of him. He



The old bull giraffe and Heller's Wkamba skinners

From a photograph by Edmund Heller



Kermit Roosevelt and the leopard

From a photograph by W. N. McMillan

But the leopard did not wait to be driven. Without any warning, out he came and charged straight at Kermit, who stopped him when he was but six yards off with a bullet in the forepart of the body; the leopard turned, and as he galloped back Kermit hit him again, crippling him in the hips. The wounds were fatal, and they would have knocked the fight out of any animal less plucky and savage than the leopard; but not even in Africa is there a beast of more unflinching courage than this spotted cat. The beaters were much excited by the sight of the charge and the way in which it was stopped, and they pressed jubilantly forward, too heedlessly; one of them, who was on McMillan's side of the thicket, went too near it, and out came the wounded leopard at him. It was badly crippled or it would have got the beater at once; as it was, it was slowly overtaking him as he ran through the tall grass, when McMillan, standing on an ant heap, shot it again. Yet, in spite of



Mr. Roosevelt and Bwana Engozi (Judd)
From a photograph by W. N. McMillan

The flocks were feeding in Heatley's grain-fields, and he was threatening vengeance upon them. I was sorry, for the male birds certainly have habits of peculiar interest. They were not shy, although if we approached too near them in their favorite haunts, the grassland adjoining the papyrus beds, they would fly off and perch on the tops of the papyrus stems. The long tail hampers the bird in its flight, and it is often held at rather an angle downward, giving the bird a peculiar and almost insect-like appearance. But the marked and extraordinary peculiarity was the custom the



The whydah finch

From a photograph by J. Alden Loring



Whydah birds' dancing-ring

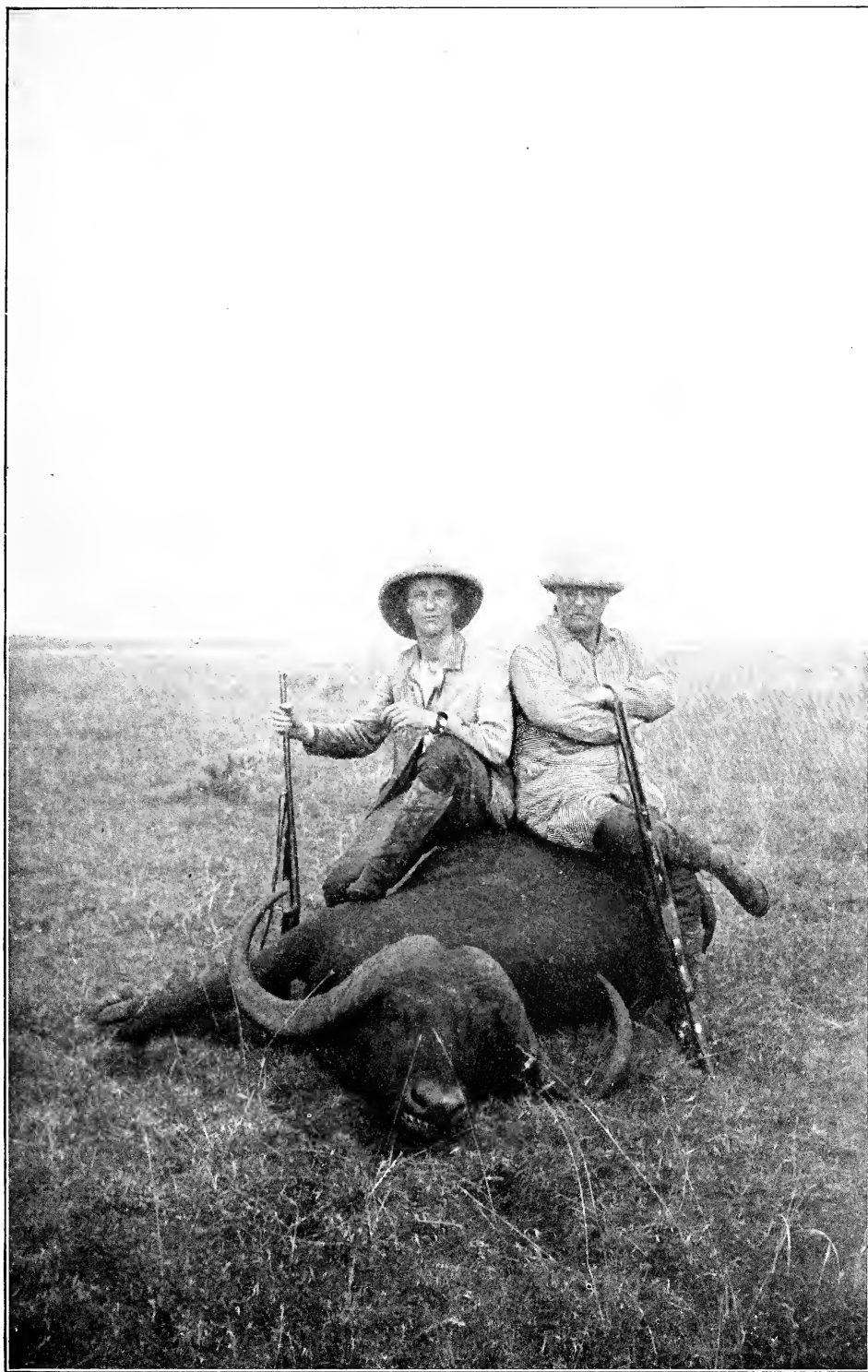
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt

cocks had of dancing in artificially made dancing-rings. For a mile and a half beyond our camp, down the course of the Kamiti, the grassland at the edge of the papyrus was thickly strewn with these dancing-rings. Each was about two



Cuninghame, Kermit, Mr. Roosevelt, Heller, and Heatley at Buffalo Camp

Heller was soon on the ground with his skinning-tent and skinners, and the Boer farmer went back to fetch the ox-wagon on which the skins and meat were brought in to camp. Laymen can hardly realize, and I certainly did not realize, what an immense amount of work is involved in getting and preparing the skins of large animals such as buffalo, rhino, hippo, and above all elephant, in hot climates. On the first five-weeks' trip we got some seventy skins, including twenty-two species ranging in size from a dikdik to



Mr. Roosevelt and Kermit Roosevelt with the first buffalo

At lunch, in addition to the missionaries and their wives and children, there were half a dozen of the neighboring settlers, with their families. It is always a good thing to see the missionary and the settler working shoulder to shoulder. Many parts of East Africa can, and I believe will, be made into a White Man's country; and the process will be helped, not hindered, by treating the black man well.



Mr. Roosevelt after luncheon with the head missionary

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt

At Kijabe, nearly under the equator, the beautiful scenery was almost northern in type; at night we needed blazing camp-fires and the days were as cool as September on Long Island or by the southern shores of the Great Lakes. It is a very healthy region; the children of the missionaries and settlers, of all ages, were bright and strong; those of Mr. and Mrs. Hurlburt had not been out of the country for eight years, and showed no ill effects whatever; on the contrary, I quite believed Mrs. Hurlburt when she said that

utterly different from any of the East African natives, and dressed in ordinary clothes. In addition there were various natives—primitive savages in dress and habit, but coming from the cattle-owning tribes. Each ox-team was guided by one of these savages, who led the first yoke by a leathern thong, while the wagon-driver, with his long whip, stalked

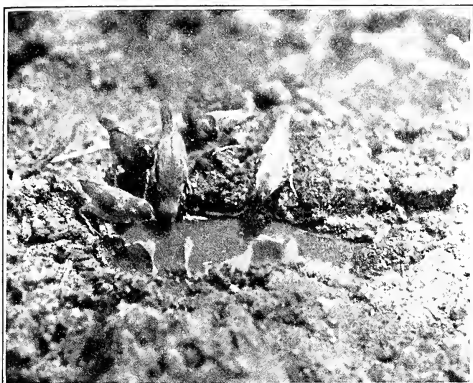


Watering the oxen. Taking their last drink for three days

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt

to and fro beside the line of oxen, or rode in the wagon. The huge wagons, with their white tops or "sails," were larger than those our own settlers and freighters used. Except one small one, to which there were but eight oxen, each was drawn by a span of seven or eight yoke; they were all native humped cattle.

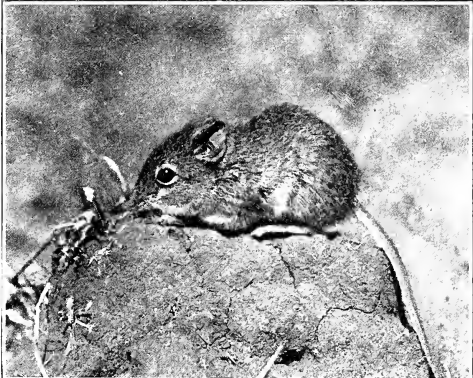
We had one hundred and ninety-six porters, in addition to the askaris, tent-boys, gun-bearers, and saises. The



Waxbills and
one weaver
bird drinking



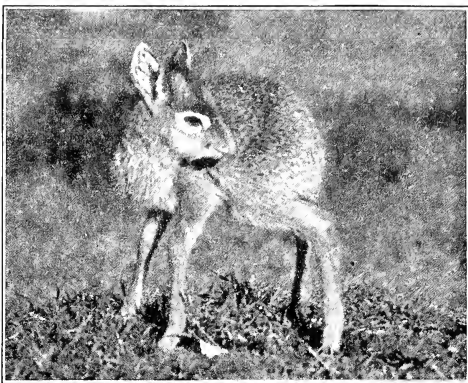
A courser



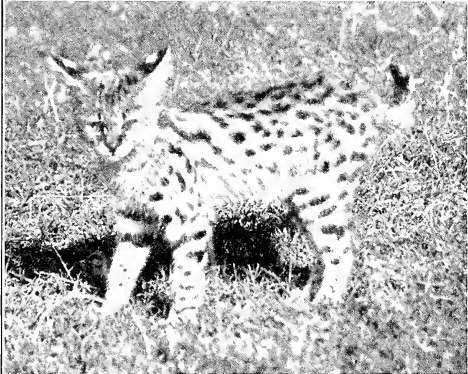
An elephant
shrew



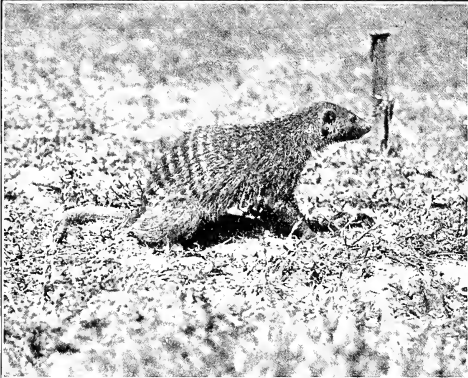
A spring-
haas



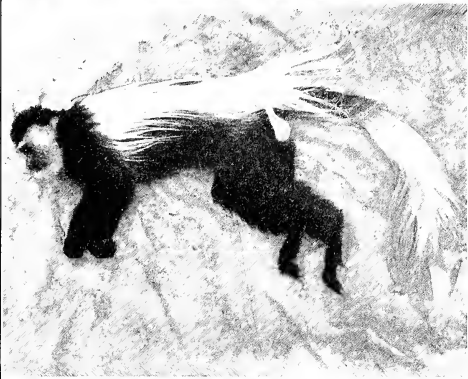
Young
dik-dik



Tame serval
kitten



A banded
mongoose

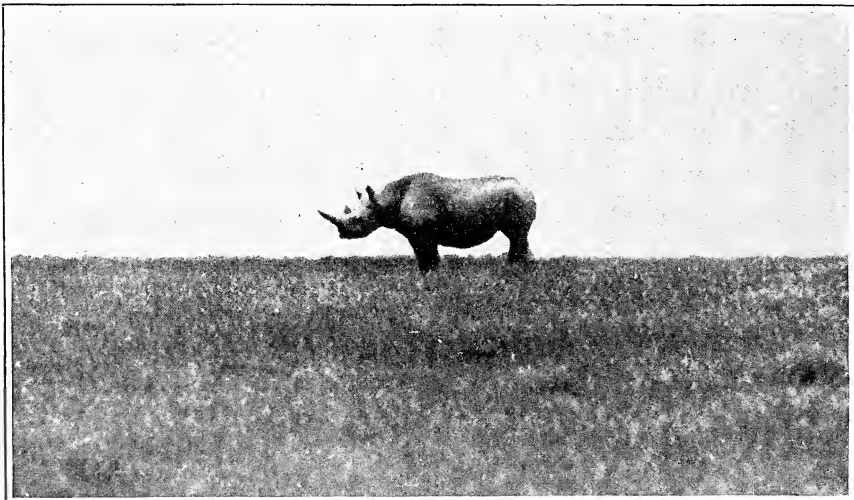


Colobus
monkey

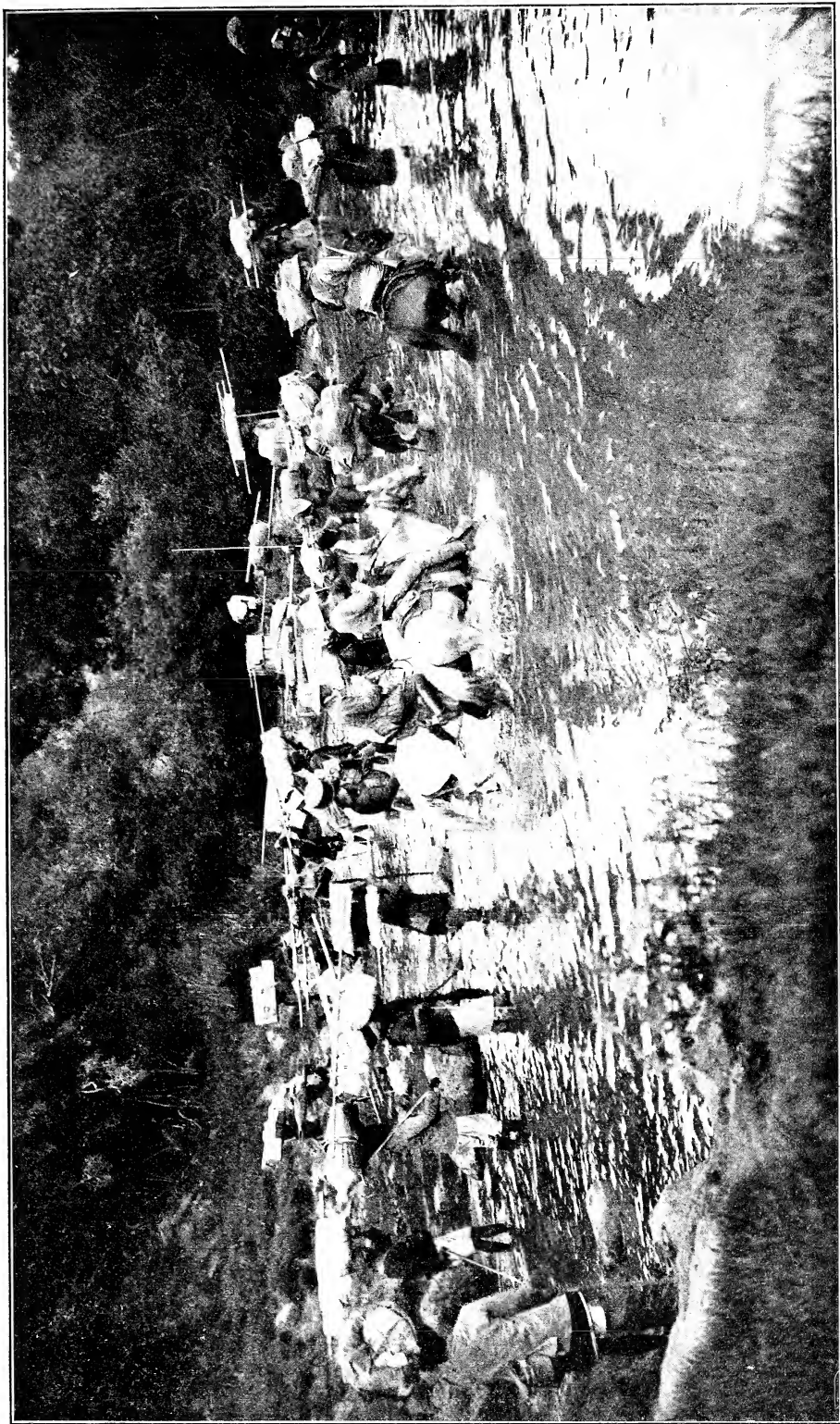


Rhino surveying the safari
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt

Next day, when Kermit and I were out alone with our gun-bearers we saw another rhino, a bull, with a stubby horn. This rhino, like the others of the neighborhood,



"In the middle of the African plain, deep in prehistoric thought"
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt



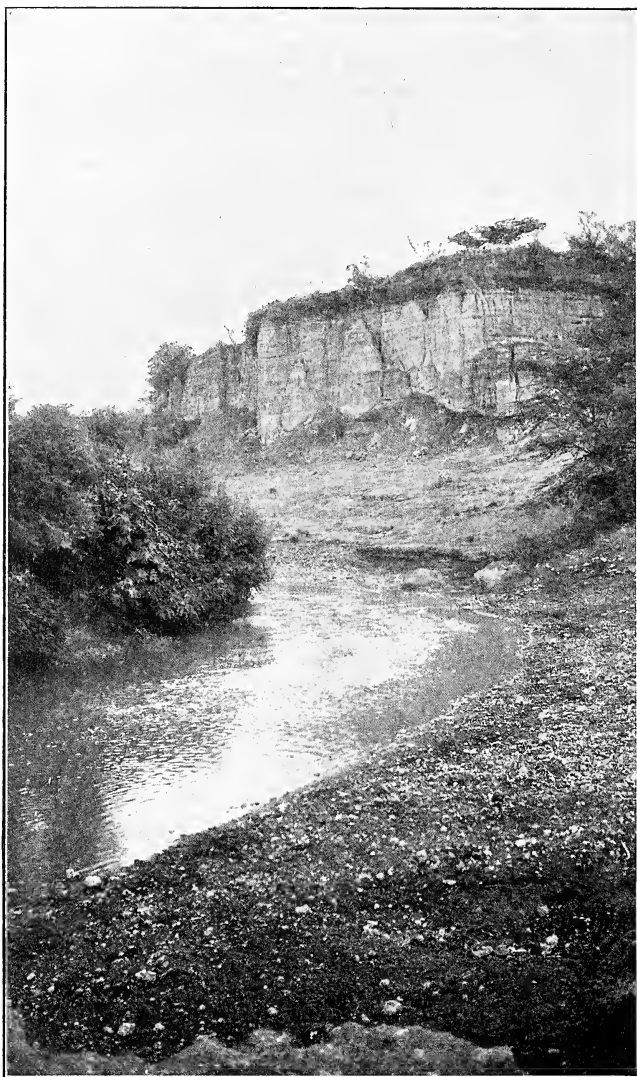
The safari fording a stream
From a photograph by Edmund Heller



The wounded lioness

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt

Kermit was off all day with Tarlton, and killed a magnificent lioness. In the morning, on some high hills, he obtained a good impalla ram, after persevering hours of climbing and running—for only one of the gun-bearers and none of the whites could keep up with him on foot unless he went hard. In the afternoon at four he and Tarlton saw the lioness. She was followed by three three-parts grown young lions, doubtless her cubs, and, without any concealment, was walking across the open plain toward a pool by which lay the body of a wildebeest bull she had killed the preceding night. The smaller lions saw the hunters and shrank back, but the old lioness never noticed them until they were within a hundred and fifty yards. Then she ran back, but Kermit crumpled her up with his first bullet. He then put another bullet in her, and as she seemed disabled walked up within fifty yards, and took



Bluffs near one of our camping places
From a photograph by Edmund Heller

There were seven giraffes, a medium-sized bull, four cows, and two young ones; and, funny enough, the young ones were by far the shyest and most suspicious. I did not want to kill a bull unless it was exceptionally large; whereas I did want two cows and a young one, for the Museum. When quarter of a mile away I dismounted, threw the reins over Tranquil-

lity's head—whereat the good placid old fellow at once began grazing—and walked diagonally toward the biggest cow, which was ahead of the others. The tall, handsome ungainly creatures were nothing like as shy as the smaller game had shown themselves that morning, and of course they offered such big targets that three hundred yards was



Giraffe at home
From photographs by Kermit Roosevelt

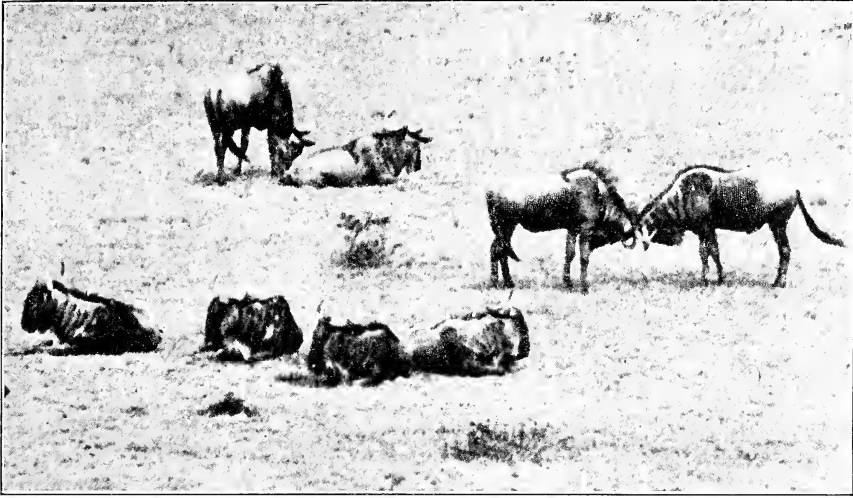
The lion stopped and lay down behind a bush; jumping off I took a shot at him at two hundred yards, but only wounded him slightly in one paw; and after a moment's sullen hesitation off he went, lashing his tail. We mounted our horses and went after him; Tarlton lost sight of him, but I marked him lying down behind a low grassy ant hill. Again we dismounted at a distance of two hundred yards; Tarlton telling me that now he was sure to charge. In all East Africa there is no man, not even Cuninghame himself, whom I would rather have by me than Tarlton, if in difficulties with a charging lion; on this occasion, however, I am glad to say that his rifle was badly sighted, and shot altogether too low.

Again I knelt and fired; but the mass of hair on the lion made me think he was nearer than he was, and I undershot, inflicting a flesh wound that was neither crippling nor fatal. He was already grunting savagely and tossing his tail erect, with his head held low; and at the shot the great sinewy beast came toward us with the speed of a greyhound. Tarlton then, very properly, fired, for lion hunting is no child's play, and it is not good to run risks. Ordinarily it is a very mean thing to experience joy at a friend's miss; but this was not an ordinary case, and I felt keen delight when the bullet from the badly sighted rifle missed, striking the ground many yards short. I was sighting carefully, from my knee, and I knew I had the lion all right; for though he galloped at a great pace, he came on steadily—ears laid back, and uttering terrific coughing grunts—and there was now no question of making allowance for distance, nor, as he was out in the open, for the fact that he had not before been distinctly visible. The bead of my foresight was exactly on the centre of his chest as I pressed the trigger, and the bullet went as true as if the place had been plotted with dividers. The blow brought him up all standing, and he fell forward on his head. The soft-nosed Winchester bullet had gone straight through the chest cavity, smashing the lungs and the big blood vessels of the



He came on steadily—ears laid back

Drawn by Philip R. Goodwin from photographs and from descriptions furnished by Mr. Roosevelt



Wildebeest at home

Two bulls may suddenly drop to their knees and for a moment or two fight furiously

From photographs by Kermit Roosevelt

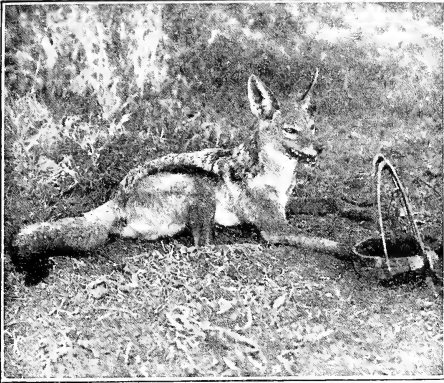
While running one of these cheetahs Kermit put up two old wildebeest bulls, and they joined in the procession, looking as if they too were pursuing the cheetah; the cheetah ran first, the two bulls, bounding and switching their tails, came next, and Kermit, racing in the rear, gained steadily. Wildebeest are the oddest in nature and conduct, and in many ways the most interesting, of all antelope.



Mr. Roosevelt, rhino, and bustard shot from rhino

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt

In mid-afternoon we spied our rhino, and getting near saw that it had good horns. It was in the middle of the absolutely bare plain, and we walked straight up to the dull-sighted, dull-witted beast; Kermit with his camera, I with the Holland double-barrel. The tick birds warned it, but it did not make us out until we were well within a hundred yards, when it trotted toward us, head and tail up. At sixty yards I put the heavy bullet straight into its chest, and knocked it flat with the blow; as it tried to struggle to its



A black-backed jackal



A spotted genet



A tree hyrax



A white-tailed mongoose



A buck of the big gazelle, with unusually fine head, shot at Salt-marsh camp



A porcupine



A pelican



A baboon



Camp at Lake Naivasha

From a photograph by Edmund Heller

Death by violence, death by cold, death by starvation—these are the normal endings of the stately and beautiful creatures of the wilderness. The sentimentalists who prattle about the peaceful life of nature do not realize its utter mercilessness; although all they would have to do would be to look at the birds in the winter woods, or even at the insects on a cold morning or cold evening. Life is hard and cruel for all the lower creatures, and for man also in what the sentimentalists call a “state of nature.” The savage of to-day shows us what the fancied age of gold of our ancestors was really like; it was an age when hunger, cold, violence, and iron cruelty were the ordinary accompaniments of life. If Matthew Arnold, when he expressed the wish to know the thoughts of Earth’s “vigorous, primitive” tribes of the past, had really desired an answer to his question, he would have done well to visit the homes of the existing representatives of his “vigorous, primitive” ancestors, and to watch them feasting on blood and guts; while as for the “pellucid and pure” feelings of his imaginary primitive maiden, they were those of any meek, cowlike



Bringing the big bull hippo to shore
From a photograph by Edmund Heller



Water-lilies, Lake Naivasha

From a photograph by Edmund Heller

The open waters of the lagoons were covered with water-lilies, bearing purple or sometimes pink flowers. Across the broad lily pads ran the curious "lily trotters," or jacanas, richly colored birds, with toes so long and slender that the lily pads would support them without sinking. They were not shy, and their varied coloring—a bright chestnut being the most conspicuous hue—and singular habits made them very conspicuous. There was a wealth of bird life in the lagoons. Small gulls, somewhat like our black-headed gull, but with their hoods gray, flew screaming around us. Black and white kingfishers, tiny red-billed kingfishers, with colors so brilliant that they flashed like jewels in the sun, and brilliant green bee-eaters with chestnut breasts perched among the reeds. Spur-winged plover clamored as they circled overhead near the edges of the water. Little rails and red-legged water hens threaded the edges of the papyrus, and grebes dived in the open water. A giant heron, the Goliath, flew up at our approach; and there were many smaller herons and egrets, white or particolored.

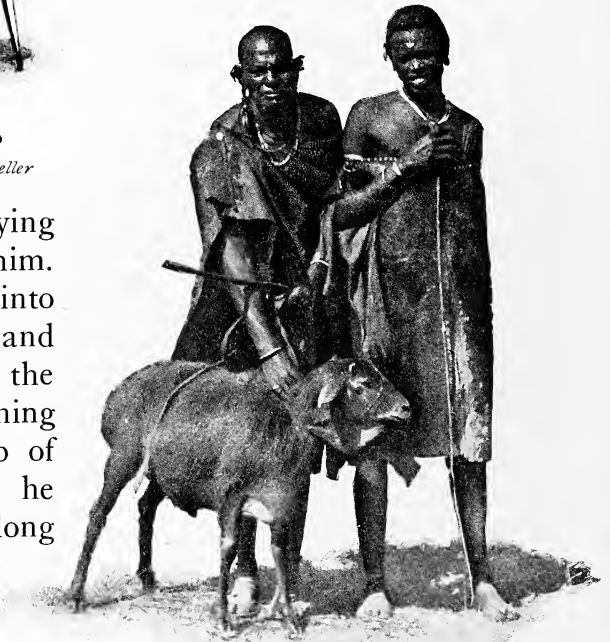


Masai guides on Sotik trip
From a photograph by Edmund Heller

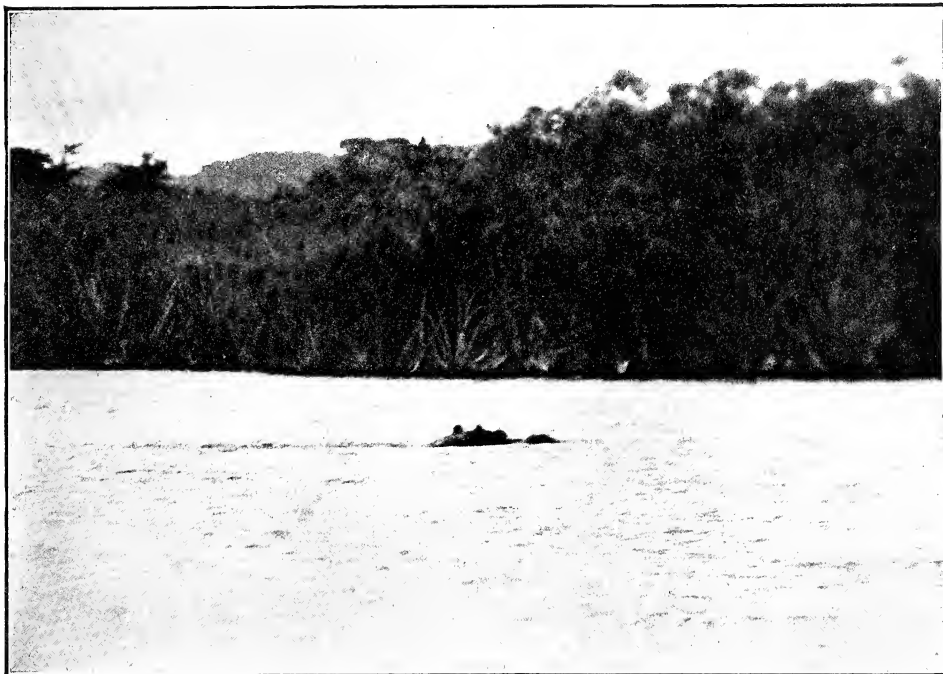
feet, her charge carrying her several yards by him. Mearns had galloped into a herd of wildebeest and killed the big bull of the herd, after first running clean through a mob of zebras, which, as he passed, skinned their long yellow teeth threateningly at him, but made no attempt actually to attack him.

A settler had come down to trade

Now we found that Dr. Mearns had been quite busily engaged in attending to cases of men who were hurt by lions. Loring nearly got in the category. He killed his lioness with a light automatic rifle, utterly unfit for use against African game. Though he actually put a bullet right through the beast's heart, the shock from the blow was so slight that she was not stopped even for a second; he hit her four times in all, each shot being mortal—for he was an excellent marksman—and she died nearly at his

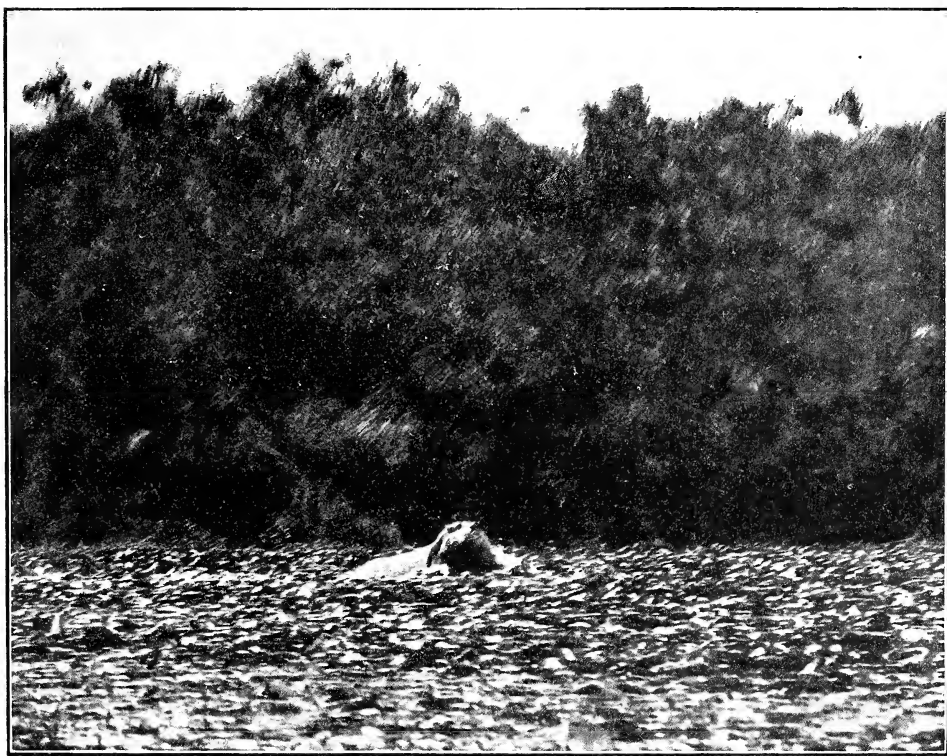


A sick Masai boy and his father
 The sheep is a present to Dr. Mearns for services
From a photograph by J. Alden Loring



What one has to shoot at when after hippo on water

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt



Mr. Roosevelt's hippo charging open-mouthed

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt



Mr. Roosevelt's big bull hippo
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt

There were others in the lake. One day we saw two playing together near the shore; and at first we were all of us certain that it was some big water snake. It was not until we were very close that we made out the supposed one big snake to be two others; it was rather interesting, as giving one of the explanations of the stories that always appear about large water snakes, or similar monsters, existing in almost every lake of any size in a wild country. On another day I shot another near shore; he turned over and over, splashing and tumbling; but just as we were about to grasp him, he partially recovered and dived to safety in the reeds.

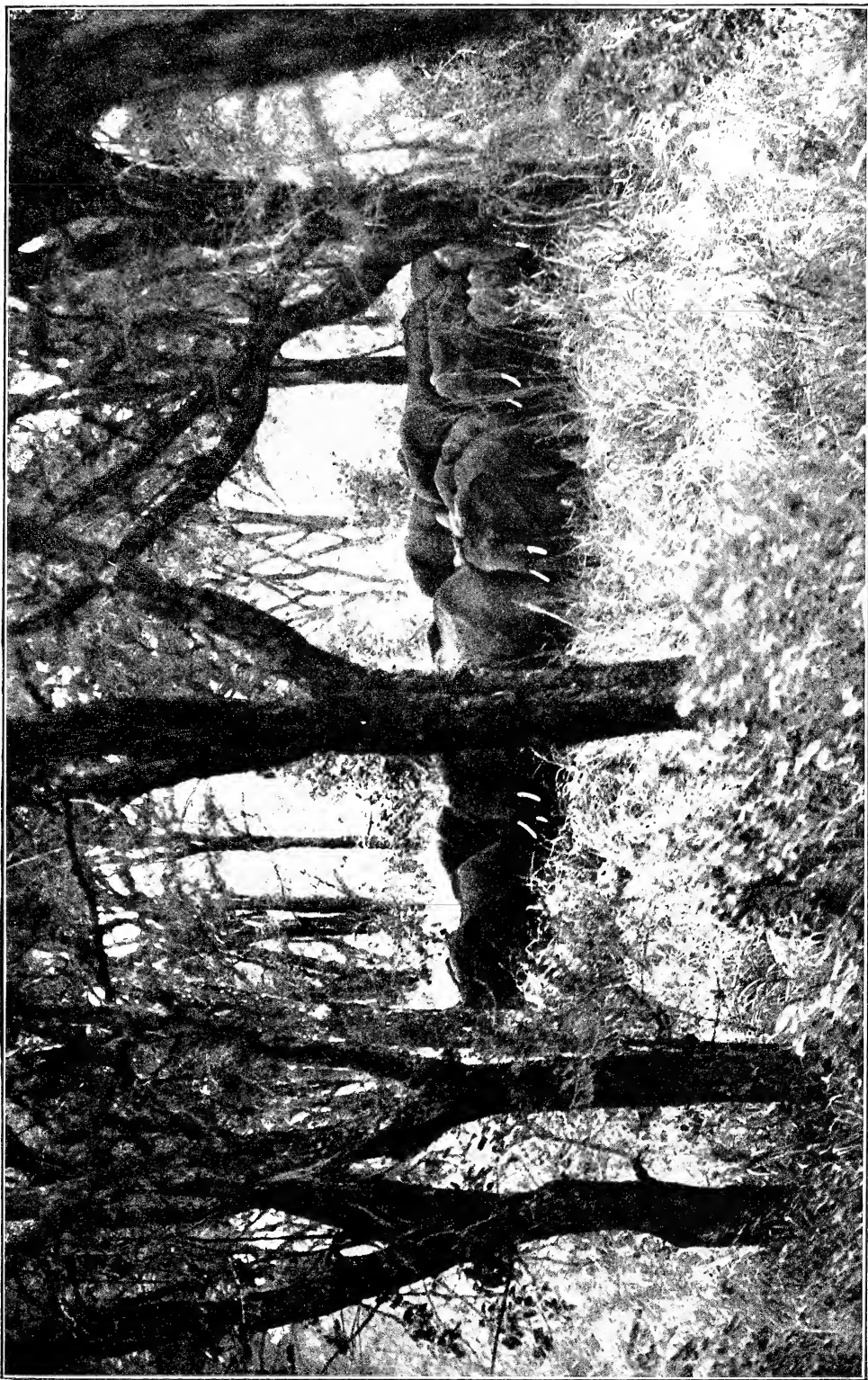
On the second day we went out in the launch I got my hippo. We steamed down the lake, not far from the shore, for over ten miles, dragging the big clumsy row-boat, in



West side of Kenia's peak, taken at an altitude of 15,000 feet

From a photograph by J. Alden Loring

The second day after reaching Neri the clouds lifted and we dried our damp clothes and blankets. Through the bright sunlight we saw in front of us the high rock peaks of Kenia, and shining among them the fields of everlasting snow which feed her glaciers; for beautiful, lofty Kenia is one of the glacier-bearing mountains of the equator. Here Kermit and Tarlton went northward on a safari of their own, while Cuninghame, Heller, and I headed for Kenia itself. For two days we travelled through a well peopled country. The fields of corn—always called mealies in Africa—of beans, and sweet potatoes, with occasional plantations of bananas, touched one another in almost uninterrupted succession. In most of them we saw the Kikuyu women at work with their native hoes; for among the Kikuyus, as among other savages, the woman is the drudge and beast of burden. Our trail led by clear, rushing



From a photograph, copyright, 1910, by Kermit Roosevelt

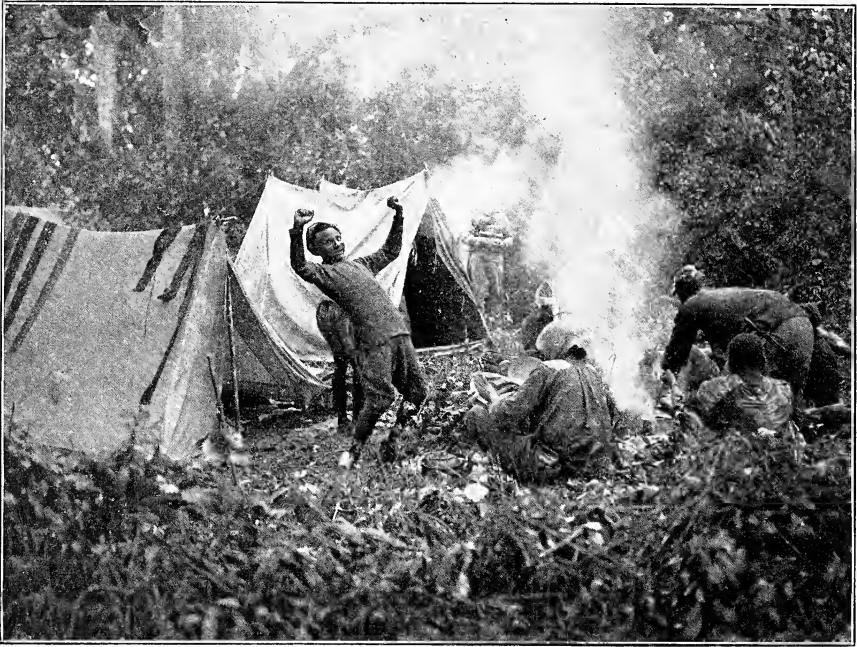
A herd of elephant in an open forest of high timber
Taken by Kermit from a distance of about twenty-five yards; he was on the dead limb of a tree five or six feet from the ground



A cow elephant

From a photograph by R. J. Cuninghame

Elephants dwell permanently in this mountainous region of heavy woodland. On our march thither we had already seen their traces in the "shambas," as the culti-



The porters exult over the death of the buli

From a photograph by Edmund Heller

missed it. However, the shock momentarily stunned the beast. He stumbled forward, half falling, and as he recovered I fired with the second barrel, again aiming for the brain. This time the bullet sped true, and as I lowered the rifle from my shoulder, I saw the great lord of the forest come crashing to the ground.

But at that very instant, before there was a moment's time in which to reload, the thick bushes parted immediately on my left front, and through them surged the vast bulk of a charging bull elephant, the matted mass of tough creepers snapping like packthread before his rush. He was so close that he could have touched me with his trunk. I leaped to one side and dodged behind a tree trunk, opening the rifle, throwing out the empty shells, and slipping in two cartridges. Meanwhile Cuninghame fired right and left, at the same time throwing himself into the bushes on the other side. Both his bullets went home, and the bull stopped



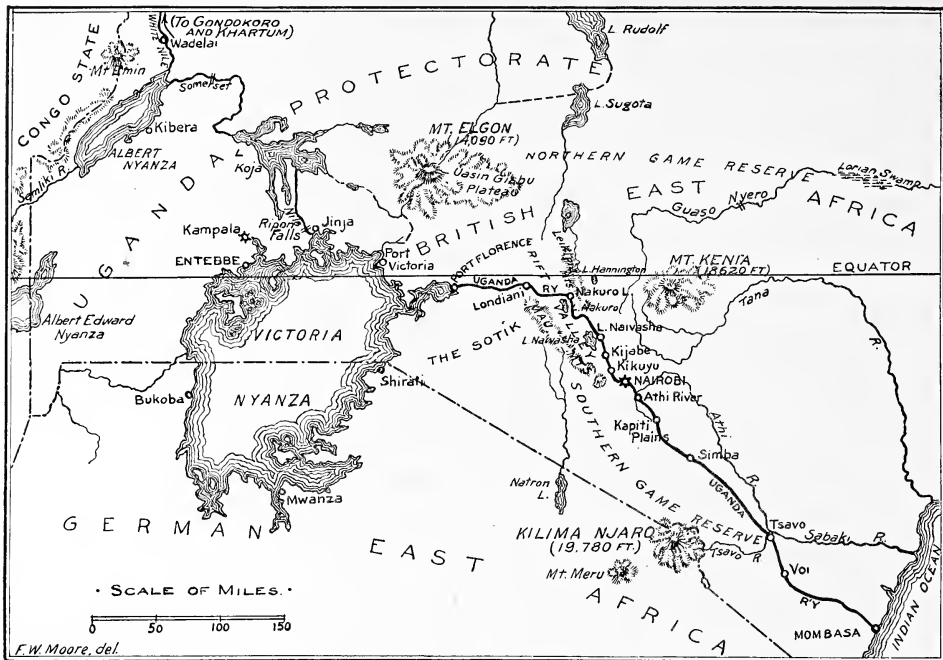
The charging bull elephant

"He could have touched me with his trunk"

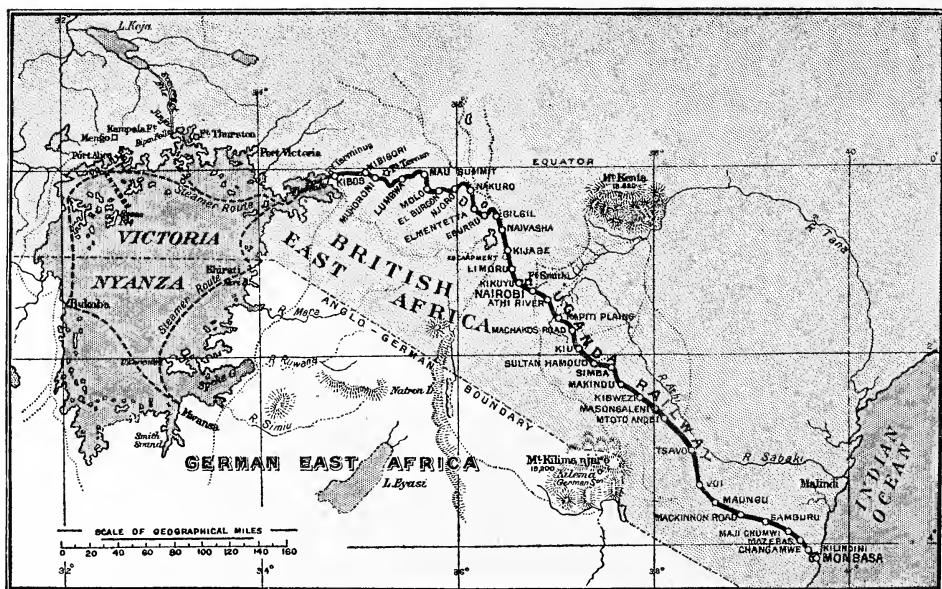
Drawn by Philip R. Goodwin from photographs and from descriptions by Mr. Roosevelt



The first bull elephant
From a photograph by R. J. Cunningham



Map showing the localities mentioned in Mr. Roosevelt's articles



Map of the Uganda Railway, British East Africa. Total length from Mombasa on the Indian Ocean to Port Florence on Lake Victoria Nyanza, 581 miles

As we steamed northward down the long stretch of the Nile which ends at Khartoum, the wind blew in our faces, day after day, hard and steadily. Narrow reed beds bordered the shore; there were grass flats and groves of acacias and palms, and farther down reaches of sandy desert. The health of our companions who had been suffering from fever and dysentery gradually improved; but the case of champagne, which we had first opened at Gondokoro, was of real service, for two members of the party were at times so sick that their situation was critical.

We reached Khartoum on the afternoon of March 14th, 1910, and Kermit and I parted from our comrades of the trip with real regret; during the year we spent together there had not been a jar, and my respect and liking for them had grown steadily. Moreover, it was a sad parting from our faithful black followers, whom we knew we should never see again. It had been an interesting and a happy year; though I was very glad to be once more with those who were dear to me, and to turn my face toward my own home and my own people.



APPENDIX E

THE PIGSKIN LIBRARY

I have received so many inquiries about the "pigskin library" (as the list appeared in the first chapter of my African articles in "Scribner's Magazine"), and so many comments have been made upon it, often in connection with the list of books recently made public by ex-President Eliot, of Harvard, that I may as well myself say a word on the subject.

In addition to the books enumerated as belonging to the library, various others were from time to time added; among them, "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass," Dumas's "Louves de Machekoule," "Tartarin de Tarascon" (not until after I had shot my lions!), Maurice Egan's "Wiles of Sexton Maginnis," James Lane Allen's "Summer in Arcady," William Allen White's "A Certain Rich Man," George Meredith's "Farina," and d'Aureville's "Chevalier des Touches." I also had sent out to me Darwin's "Origin of Species" and "Voyage of the Beagle," Huxley's Essays, Frazer's "Passages from the Bible," Braithwaite's "Book of Elizabethan Verse," FitzGerald's "Omar Khayyam," Gobineau's "Inégalité des Races Humaines" (a well-written book, containing some good guesses; but for a student to approach it for serious information would be much as if an albatross should apply to a dodo for an essay on flight), "Don Quixote," Molière, Goethe's "Faust," Green's "Short History of the English People," Pascal, Voltaire's "Siècle de Louis XIV," the "Mémoires de M. Simon" (to read on the way home), and "The Soul's Inheritance," by George Cabot Lodge. Where possible I had them bound in pigskin. They were for use, not ornament. I almost always had some volume with me, either in my saddle-pocket or in the cartridge-bag which one of my gun-bearers carried to hold odds and ends. Often my reading would be done whilst resting under a tree at noon, perhaps beside the carcass of a beast I had killed, or else while waiting for camp to be pitched; and in either case it might be impossible to get water for washing. In consequence the books were stained with blood, sweat, gun oil, dust, and ashes; ordinary bindings would either have vanished or become loathsome, whereas pigskin merely grew to look as a well-used saddle looks.

Now it ought to be evident by a mere glance at the complete list both that the books themselves are of unequal value and also that they were chosen for various reasons, and for this particular trip. Some few of them I would take with me on any trip of like length; but the majority I should of course change for others—as good and no better—were I to start on another such trip. On trips of various length in recent years I have taken, among many other books, the "Memoirs of Marbot," Æschy-

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